THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER;
AND
West of England Miscellany.

NO. XXII.] MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1821. [VOL. IV.—N. S.]

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

(From Buckingham's Travels in Palestine.)

It being the Sabbath of the Jews, whose worship we were very desirous of witnessing, in this their once imperial city, Mr. Bankes and I went at day-light to attend the morning service, at the Jewish synagogue.

Arriving at the spot, which was in a low and obscure street, near the centre of the town, we descended by a flight of steps into a grotto. On getting down into this, we found it to be a large suite of subterranean rooms, lighted by small windows from above, around the sides, and near the roof.

The whole place was divided into seven or eight smaller rooms, in the centre of each of which was a raised square inclosure, open above at the sides; and here stood the priest who read the service. The female worshippers were above, looking down on the congregation through a skreen of lattice-work. The males were below, all seated on benches, and every one had a white serge cloth, striped with blue at the ends, thrown over his head. At the front corners of this cloth were two long cords, and around two edges of it was a fringe of threads.

After some time passed in reading and responses, we went into the central rooms, which were both of them longer than the outer ones; and at the end of these were curtains for the vail of the temple. In the principal room, this vail was of purple cloth, worked with gold; and on the centre were the two tables of the law in Hebrew, nearly in the same form as we have them in English, in our own churches.

The priest who officiated had, during the last week, arrived here from Amsterdam. The book from which he read rested on a piece of crimson velvet, worked with Hebrew letters of gold. After an apparent weeping on the part of his people, who covered their faces with the white head-cloth, and moved to and fro, as if distressed for the loss of something, a man walked round the synagogue, crying out with a loud voice, and changing the first word only at every subsequent exclamation. This, we learnt, was the publication of the sum offered for the sight of the Torat, or Scriptures. Advances were then made by individuals of the audience, and repeated by the crier, until a sufficient or some specified sum was raised.

The priest then made a loud shout, and all the people joined; when some of the elders drew aside the vail of the temple, and opening a recess like that of a sanctum sanctorum, took from thence a cabinet highly ornamented with silver. In this were two rolls, containing the book of the law on parchment, rolled round a small pillar in the centre, which, on being turned, exposed the writing of the roll successively to view. On the top of this roll was fixed two silver censors with small bells, and it was carried round the assembly, when each of the congregation touched the writing with the cords at the front corners of his head-cloth, afterwards placing the cords to his lips, and then across his eyes. The cabinet was followed by a boy, bearing four silver censers with bells, on a stand; and after every one had touched it, it was placed on the altar, in the central sanctuary, before the priest.

We had been suffered to go through every part of the synagogue during the service, which consisted chiefly of reading, and had to pass through narrow ranks of the worshippers. We were at length accosted in Italian by a rabbi, who called him-

seli Moallim Zachariah, and told us that he was the banker of the governor, and the chief of the Jews here. He said that he had left Italy at the age of fifteen, against the wish of his friends, to end his days in Jerusalem, and that he had remained here ever since, being now nearly sixty years of age. From him we learnt the chief particulars of the worship already described; and he told us that the service was the same in all the separate divisions of the synagogue, which we had reason to believe was true, as we had ourselves seen it to be the same in two of these places.

The priests wore no particular robes or symbols; nor was there any difference between the dresses of the elders and the young people, the rich or the poor: all wore the white serge cloth, with blue stripes at the ends, two cords at the front corners, and an open fringe around it; and all were provided with a small Hebrew book of prayers. The service of the day included the reading of the history of the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt; and in the midst of this we had a song of rejoicing, for the circumcision of a child on the eighth day.

On the breaking up of the assembly, five elders, who were near the vail of the temple, bowed before it; and placed their faces on the cloth itself, as if they were kissing it. All the congregation then turned their faces that way, and these elders, who, we were told, must be real descendants of Moses to enjoy that privilege, implored a blessing on the people; while they exclaimed in Hebrew, "Glory to the Most High!" repeatedly rising on their toes at the same time, and alternately bending their heads backwards and forwards.

When this was ended, the white serge cloths were taken off from their heads, and carefully rolled up; after which they were put into a little bag, and carried home in the hand. Rose-water was sprinkled on the assembly by a man who had cried out before the producing of the Scriptures, and we received from him our portion with the rest of the congregation. Nothing could be more mean than this subterranean synagogue, and nothing more paltry than its ornaments. Its lamps, only a few of which were lighted, were disposed in circles of five, each suspended from gilded hoops; and the carving and painting was chiefly flowers, but of the poorest kind. We learned that the money raised by bringing out the Book of the Law, which could be seen only thrice in a week, was appropriated to the general fund for the expenses of the synagogue; and the readers, it was said, were paid only three hundred piastres per year. We could distinguish no *high priest*, as every room seemed to have had a similar teacher. On the feast of the Paschal, three hundred piastres more are spent on the decoration of the synagogue alone.

In the whole congregation, there were about five hundred men and male children, and above were said to be nearly eight hundred women and female children. In all Jerusalem, Moallim Zachariah told us, there were not one thousand male Jews, but that there were at least three thousand females. This difference, he said, was thus occasioned:—no male Jews came hither but such as were contented to live poorly, or had no money to let at interest for their subsistence, as there was no commerce practised in the place: and all were therefore rabbis, or dwellers in the Courts of the Lord, or students, or devout persons. Widows, however, from all countries, if they could get to Jerusalem, were sure of being maintained by their own religion; and, accordingly, as many as could get together the means of doing so flocked here for that purpose.

The great happiness of their people, he added, was to die at Jerusalem, and to be buried in the valley of Jehoshaphat. They still firmly expected the Messiah, and thought that the past wars were preparatory to his coming; while they laughed at the Christians and Mohamedans,

and despised them, as not of the seed of Abraham, to whom only the Christ would come. Although many of the Jews now here came from different parts of the world, their physiognomy was so strikingly national as if they were all descended from one common father.

Previous to the invasion of Syria by Buonaparte, a law existed among the Turks, that there should be no more than two thousand Jews in Jerusalem, on pain of death to those who exceeded that number. At that period, the Christians were all shut up in their convents, and the Jews in their quarters, and if Jerusalem had then been attacked by the French, it was intended by the Turks here to massacre all who were not Mahomedans without distinction of age or sex.

The picture which is drawn of these people by M. Chateaubriand, like that which is given of the Christians, is remarkable rather for its eloquence than its truth; and, like it too, proves how far enthusiasm, and the infection of holy fervour, may occasion men of the most accurate judgments on general subjects, to deceive even themselves on particular points.

THE CENSUS.

(From the Sporting Magazine.)

The writer of the following is Ebenezer Wriggleboltom, parish-clerk, school-master, and shopkeeper, of Bungay, in Suffolk, where he has been lately employed in making the Population-returns. We number Mr. Wriggleboltom among our correspondents, in the department of deaths and marriages; and the good man generally accompanies his monthly communications with gratuitous observations on the weather, the state of the crops, feasts of bell-ringing in his neighbourhood, or Bungay tittle-tattle.

After some irrelevant matter, he writes—"You will be surprised to hear that our peaceful place is in an uproar, and I am in a sad state of turmoil [illegible] cause. By obeying the orders of Government, I am embroiled among so one of my oldest friends, past all redemption. You must understand I have lately been much occupied in making up the Population returns; and I can assure you, that though a penalty of five pounds is affixed to every breach of the law, or evasive answer to the questioning-officer, I could have profited to the tune of hundreds by making false returns, at the price of the penalty for each. I trust, however, that though preponderating motives abounded, I was inflexible in my duty to the public; and I have, in consequence, been insulted and contemned by those who were formerly my best friends. It is principally by unmarried persons, or those past the meridian of life, that I am thus treated. I am become so obnoxious, that no persons of that description will follow me in the responses in the church-service of a Sunday, and my customers, too, fall off. But to the point: on entering a house, I commonly ask for the master—if married—the number of his family—and so on, agreeably to my instructions. The first house where I met with a rebuff, was that of an elderly single lady, who called herself Mrs. Oldfish, upon which I said, I believed she was not a widow. 'That is no business of your's, Mr. Wriggleboltom,' put me down Mrs. Oldfish. 'Indeed I cannot, madam,' I replied, 'I dare not make a false return;' so I wrote down Miss Sophronia Oldfish. I next demanded, what age? She here faltered exceedingly. Her cheek and brow paled by turns, and then, amid convulsive agitations, she articulated, 'That is of no consequence, they can't want me for the militia.' 'Madam,' said I, 'there is a penalty if an improper answer is given: I must write down the truth.' Now, more agitated, she stammered, 'Don't threaten me, Mr. Wriggleboltom—don't be impertinent—the Government is unreasonable, oppressive. What pretty times we live in! What will it require next, I wonder? [illegible] Oldfish still [illegible]

to be ill. 'Betty!' she cried, 'Betty!' ringing the bell violently, 'my *sal volatile*. Do call again, Mr. Wigginbottom; I'm ill, indeed I am very, very ill.' Not wishing to appear rude, and being unsuspicious of a trick, I left her, thinking to call again the next day. I did so; and to my dismay, found she had left Bungay for Scarborough that morning at day-break; beyond a doubt, that she might evade my questions, as she knew the returns must be completed by a particular day. I was forced to leave a blank opposite her name, in the column of ages, in my book; but when she comes back I shall levy the full penalty.

"Upon calling at the house of another lady, to whom I was well known, my mind being made up not to be again baffled, I commenced, as usual, by explaining the nature of my errand. She reddened deep as scarlet, and wondered why the Government was so particular with unmarried persons, and if they might not be returned in a general way. She affirmed she had done all she could for the support of Church and State; she had helped to work a standard for the Bungay light horse; had been careful never to employ a tradesman who was a radical; had given five pounds for the benefit of the Constitutional Association; had thrown up her subscription at the best circulating library in Norfolk, because that audacious paper, the "Morning Chronicle," had been taken in there; and at her last whist-party had absolutely used dirty cards, because a package which she had ordered from London had not arrived; and she could procure none in her neighbourhood, but at a shop, the owner of which had shocked her feelings, by declaring that he thought a Methodist, or Roman Catholic, if not worth one shilling, had as good a chance for Heaven as his Grace of Canterbury. 'Now, Ebenezer,' said she, 'you have long known me, and know that I am a good subject; why then must my personal affairs be made known to all the world?' 'Madam,' I replied, 'the returns are only seen by Government in London.' 'Nonsense,' she rejoined, 'don't think to cheat me. You have a wife, curious as married women always are—husbands can't keep secrets, you will let it out to her, and the whole town will have it. No, no, you can only levy the fine for contumacy—exact it:—there is a five-pound note—do your worst.' Having said this, she marched out of the room with a stately air of triumphant scorn, muttering revenge for the arbitrary conduct of Government, and saying something about the ingratitude of persons in authority. A few days after, I heard she had given largely towards the erection of a Methodist chapel, had again subscribed to the circulating library, and had been heard to argue stoutly for Major Cartwright's system of universal suffrage."

Our friend Wigginbottom continues: "A lady, a good customer of mine, (for you know, Mr. Editor, that I deal a little in the way of snuff and tobacco besides groceries and hardware) refused to see me on the subject of the Population-act, but ordered her servant to give me what particulars were necessary, and to shew me her family-bible, where her age was inscribed. There she was entered thirty-nine, though I am certain it should have been ten years more. The figure three appeared newly written in, upon an erasure which had no doubt obliterated a four. I did not wish to be litigious in this case: indeed the law could not have helped me without farther proof, so I made the entry—'Abigail Scaggs, spinster, 39,' and went away, fully convinced I had been mystified."

The pertinency of the ladies, according to our correspondent, was exceeded by that of the other sex. Our honest friend Ebenezer met with much trouble from single men; one, among many instances which he has communicated, we shall record. We are well aware of the irritability of the genus, and that it is

susceptible of acute pain on the attacks of curiosity, as it lives, like the garden-spider, in the centre of its own web, the vibration of a single cord of which induces the mealy cuticle which covers its angular physiognomy to put on a fever redness, and the *lividi occhi*, as Tasso calls them, or, in plain English, the "livid eyes" engulphed therein, to flash, what the lake-poets sublimely denominate, "an emerald light;"—for be it known, that greenness of colour and morbidness have more than a common affinity, and bachelorship is, according to the best medical practitioners, a state of actual disease. Mr. Wigginbottom says he called twice upon Mr. Theophilus Weazel, a gentleman of this description, aged fifty-two or fifty-three years. The first time he could not be admitted, as Mr. Weazel had employed an artist of celebrity in surgery, in the important operation of cutting and mollifying his corns. On the second visit he was admitted into the presence. Well knowing the man, we can fancy our friend Ebenezer standing with his hat in one hand, and his list-book in the other; an ink-bottle, having a pen stuck in it, suspended from his button-hole ready for action; the points of his toes forming the centre of a St. Andrew's cross with the opposite angles of the room; while the official dignity of countenance was tempered by an air of humility, arising from a recollection that Mr. Weazel bought goods at his shop. This expression is never witnessed in government officials, who have no co-partnership with similar extraneous interests, but depend entirely upon the "powers that be." The latter description of officials are the *pontifices majores*, and the others but underlings; yet all bear in their countenances somewhat of "a valiant severity" when among equals or inferiors. Ebenezer says, he first broke silence, after a mutual recognition. The conversation we shall give exactly as it reached us:—

E. I am come, Sir, to inquire the number of inhabitants in this house, their ages, employments, and means of living, in pursuance of an act passed in the 2d Geo. IV. being an act for ascertaining the population of these kingdoms.

W. (*reddening*) What the devil, Wigginbottom, have I to do with population?

E. True, Sir; but I must do my duty you know, Sir.

W. Very well; but I stand alone in the world:—I have no children; population is nothing to me, I don't increase it, and Malthus says, it is the increase of population that is the ruin of nations. I have no wife. I have a housekeeper, it is true, somewhat aged—Diana Icely, just turned sixty. What has population to do with me or her either?

E. (*profiting by the intelligence of the housekeeper's name and age, and instantly put them in his list.*) You, perhaps, have other relatives living with you, Sir?

W. No, Wigginbottom—none, thank God; I am plagued with none, male or female; and this intelligence will content you I hope.

E. (*entering Theophilus Weazel, single man*). Any servants, Sir?

W. No, no, Di and self are all who live in this house, unless you take the rats.

E. Your employment, Sir.

W. Am I not a gentleman—independent, and

E. Government order us to return the employment, Sir.

W. Government be d——d; it won't let us live in the light of heaven by and by; it means to save the expenses of keeping spies, I suppose, by making every man a spy upon himself. Let them find it out.

E. There is a penalty, Sir, for making evasive returns. I could wish to oblige you, but you must not blame me for following my duty. You have known me a long while, Mr. Weazel.

W. A man's house was formerly his castle; his secrets were his own; he paid his taxes, and no more was required. They'll set up racks soon, to extort answers to their questions.

I pay half my income in taxes, and cannot be left quiet. I'll emigrate —I'll sell out of the funds, and live abroad.

E. I will enter "lives by the funds; no employment." (*writes it down, Mr. Weazel scarcely noticing him, from angry emotion.*) There is something more, Sir. I had nearly——

W. Taxation, Wigginbottom, taxation is the cause of all.—Ministers are insolent from success—sha'n't tax me much longer—I'll get out of the way—I'll emigrate.

E. There is something more, Sir —I had nearly forgotten to ask your age.

W. My age! s'blood! my age too? (*Here he appeared half choaked with anger.*)

A pause now ensued, says our correspondent, and Mr. Weazel's countenance changed from red to white, and from white to yellow, and then to red again, with an expression of indignation and rage. It was an emotion forming a climax of passion, the magnitude of which precluded utterance, and proved it not to belong to the *parvi dolores* of Horace. It must have been a pause like Macduff's, after he exclaimed,

——all my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O hell kite!—all?

Honest Ebenezer almost wished he had not made his demand so abruptly. At length, in a subdued tone of voice, the overpowered *Celibataire* said, "Wigginbottom, I don't know my age; this business is more than human nature can bear—put me down what you think me to be." I mentioned fifty, and a gleam of satisfaction overspread his face, as he added, "you guess near the mark, Wigginbottom—only two years out; I shall not say which side fifty you should have taken."

Heartily tired, our friend put down forty-eight; at the same time guessing, from Mr. Weazel's apparent satisfaction, that it ought to have been four years more, and that the bachelor felt pleasure at having cozened him.

Mr. Wigginbottom made some general observations, while following his troublesome vocation, which may be worth notice: He uniformly found, he says, that those who took offence at his demands, even if ultra-royalists before, immediately changed side in politics, and even uttered threats dangerous to the state. Secondly, he observed, that persons who were indifferent about their actual ages being made known, did not relish the being supposed older than they really were; and, lastly, that boarding-school boys and girls were, alone, solicitous to steal a march upon time, and always represented themselves in advance of the exact truth. Finally, he hopes, that the duties of his office having been so troublesome in the fulfilment, Government will act liberally towards him in the way of remuneration. From our long knowledge of the integrity of Mr. Wigginbottom, we cordially join in his wish, and would back him with our interest; but we are all aware it would not even obtain him midshipman's half-pay, to use a sailor's phrase; or, "three farthings a year, paid quarterly."

THE RECLUSE.

Continued from Vol. [illegible] p. [illegible]

Eronny arose with the finest beams of the sun, and from the window of her tower beheld in the park preparations for a brilliant fete. In the garden triumphal arches sprung up as if created by the hand of enchantment. On one side was a temple dedicated to Beauty, on the other a grotto sacred to Love. Magnificent banners floated from every tree. While she gazed with astonishment on the scene before her, the door of her apartment opened, and the Countess of Imberg appeared. "Elodie," said she, in a tone of affectionate regard "with the assistance of the inhabitants of the village, I have prepared a fete to celebrate the anniversary of your birth. This is a happy day for us

all. To the villagers it gave a benefactress, and to me a daughter!"

The Countess led the maid of Underlach to the gallery of the monastery, at the extremity of which, on an elevated platform, a chair was placed, surrounded by warlike trophies, and surmounted by an embroidered canopy. Conducted by her adopted mother, Elodie ascended the steps of the platform, and seated herself on the chair. In a moment the Prince of Palzo presented himself before her, attended by a numerous retinue of knights, squires, and pages, whose scarfs, banners, and plumes were all of azure blue, Elodie's favourite colour. Lances, swords, and bucklers were immediately lowered before the orphan of the abbey, and the Prince of Palzo, kneeling, laid his sword at her feet. But a new wonder was prepared for her! Seated in a car, shaded by an awning of celestial blue, Elodie was shewn, by a band of mountaineers, to an amphitheatre in the park, prepared for a tournament. The cry of *Glory to Heroes! Love to Ladies!* resounded on all sides. Knights in full armour, superbly mounted, entered the lists. From a gilded balcony, the maid of Underlach gazed with wonder on feats of courage, grace, and dexterity, such as her imagination had never before conceived.

The combats being ended, the fair hands of Elodie crowned the victors, and distributed the rewards of valour. Beneath festoons of azure and wreaths of flowers, a splendid banquet was prepared for the heroes of the fete. Every enchantment, every pleasure surrounded the orphan.

The repast being ended, the prince conducted Elodie to an illuminated grove, at the extremity of which appeared the temple of Hymen, surrounded by a group of sylphs. The gates of the temple opened, and Elodie was dazzled by the brilliant spectacle which now presented itself to her view. She appeared to be under the influence of a dream, and vainly endeavoured to collect her thoughts. The altar of Hymen attracted her attention. In front appeared the names of Elodie and Palzo blended together in luminous characters; while, on every side, vases of gold, filled with incense, exhaled the perfumes of Arabia. Impelled by the seductions which surrounded her, she had involuntarily advanced to the steps of the temple; the Prince of Palzo was at her feet; he no longer doubted his triumph. A sudden thought crossed the mind of Elodie! To enter the temple was to give a tacit consent to the wishes of the prince; to approach the altar was almost to plight her faith. She stopt—the enchantment vanished: a sudden tremor pervaded her frame. She disengaged herself from the flowery chains with which a group of young loves had entwined her, and fled to the outlet of the grove. The prince followed her; his lips pronounced the tenderest supplications of love; when suddenly an armed knight appeared before him, and presenting to him a sealed billet, silently saluted him and disappeared. Palzo seized the letter, precipitately tore off the envelope, perused the contents, and trembled. Elodie, availing herself of this favourable opportunity, immediately fled to the monastery.

She was soon joined by the Countess, who greeted her with her wonted kindness. "My dear Elodie," said she, "Providence having intrusted me with the care of the orphan of Underlach, I came hither to fulfil a sacred duty: but what pure joy has been reserved for me! The Prince of Palzo loves you. His passion for your charms amounts to madness, his admiration of your virtues is carried to idolatry. Surely the heart of Elodie cannot be insensible to the merits of her adorer. The greatest hero of Germany is alone worthy of the fairest lady in Switzerland." "My honoured mother," replied Elodie, "since you permit me to call you so, I cannot express my gratitude: your goodness has surpassed all my hopes! But, oh, madam! urge not, I implore you, this union with the

Prince of Palzo. I cannot love him, but at least my heart is incapable of deceiving him. I am not worthy of an alliance which would raise me to too exalted a sphere." "Charming Elodie," resumed the Countess, "far from me be the thought of controlling your wishes. I was anxious to defer the intended union, conscious that the more you know Palzo, the more you will appreciate his merits. But delay is now impossible; the prince cannot longer remain at the monastery; it is time that I should reveal to you a part of his secrets. Know then, that at the head of a powerful army, ready to invade Lorraine, the Prince of Palzo is now opening his way to the throne. The king of France has declared himself his friend, and seconds his designs. I cannot explain myself more fully on this subject. It is sufficient to inform you, that during the fête the prince received a dispatch, intimating that his plans were on the point of being betrayed by a secret enemy. Not a moment must be lost; it is time to strike the decisive blow, and a crown will be the reward of the victor. The prince must immediately quite Switzerland; but, as ardent in love as he is valiant and invincible in war, he will not repair to the field of glory until Elodie shall have conferred on him the title of husband." Her artful and perfidious addresses produced on the orphan an effect totally opposite to what she had expected. The daughter of Saint-Maur rose, and in a tone of energy pronounced the following words:—"My resolution is fixed. A lawful diadem would not have dazzled me; but from a usurped throne I shrink with horror. The dark path of conspiracy is not the road to glory. Elodie will never be the bride of a rebel chief!" "Orphan of Underlach," resumed the Countess, "the caprice of a child can be no obstacle to the wishes of a mother. Since the language of persuasion has no influence over your mind, prepare to obey my peremptory mandate. Two days hence the Prince of Palzo shall receive your hand."

Elodie retired weeping to her apartment. She threw herself on her couch; but sleep refused to grant even a short respite to her misery. Frantic with despair, she resolved to kindle the watch-light of the tower. Who can assist her but the man of mystery? Who can save her but the Recluse?

With a light step the maid of Underlach crossed the corridor of the abbey, and, with a lamp in her hand, ascended the staircase leading to the tower. She mounted the platform, like another Hero giving the signal to Leander, and in a moment the watch-light blazed in the surrounding darkness. She then returned to her chamber, and once more threw herself on her sleepless couch.

Long ere the inhabitants of the monastery had risen, Elodie repaired to the chapel; there, whatever suffering she endured, her heart never failed to receive consolation. Prayer, the sovereign balm of affliction, is the sacred link which unites earth to heaven. From the foot of the altar, she directed her course to the silent vault where reposes the mortal remains of her mother. A funeral lamp, which burned night and day, shed a pale and glimmering light through the abode of death. Reclining on the tomb, absorbed in melancholy reflections, her attention was suddenly roused by a noise at the further extremity of the vault. A door, hitherto unknown to her, immediately opened, and the Recluse of the Wild Mountain stood before her!

The daughter of Saint-Maur uttered a shriek of surprise and joy. "You are come!" said she with transport, rushing to meet him; and then, as if embarrassed by this first movement, she cast down her eyes and blushed. "Elodie has summoned me," replied the Recluse; "what order has she to give me?" "What order?" repeated Elodie in a tone of tenderness. "Do I then possess the right to order you?"

"Speak!" replied the Recluse: "I am ready to obey you. You have forced me to betray my oaths—to unsheath this sword, which I had cast aside with horror; and for you I now feel the palpitations of a heart which I had sworn to preserve cold and insensible. Elodie," pursued he, "why have you summoned me hither?" "This chapel," replied the orphan, "is already prepared for the nuptials of Elodie and the Prince of Paizo, and yet you ask why I have summoned you to my aid"—At this reply, the countenance of the Recluse became violently agitated, and, half unsheathing his sword, "More blood!" he exclaimed: "has not this blade yet shed enough! Where is Pelzo?" "Heavens!" exclaimed Elodie, "what act of madness would you commit!"—Trembling with apprehension, she seized the hand of the Recluse, and pressed it within her own. The magical contact instantly wrought a transformation in his frame. He involuntarily raised to his lips the trembling hand which sought to detain him. The fire of anger no longer runs through his veins; the lion of the desert has lost his ferocity. "Pardon me," said the Recluse, resuming his original calmness; "the name of Palzo, the presumptuous wretch who dares aspire to your hand, excited in me a feeling of rage and indignation which I was unable to repress. Dear Elodie," he continued, "even before the watch-light had summoned me to your aid, I was prepared to deliver you from the power of your tyrants. You shall never be the bride of Palzo!" "And who then shall extinguish the nuptial torch!" exclaimed the daughter of Saint-Maur. "I!" replied the Recluse. "You! Oh, for Heaven's sake, hazard not your life! Promise—swear that you will not risk your safety!" These words, uttered in a tone of frantic tenderness, powerfully agitated the Recluse. "Fear not for me, Elodie," he replied, "I shall not quit the mountain. You have implored my aid, and you shall be rescued—you have relied on my devotion, and you shall be saved!"—He had reached the secret door of the vault, and was about to disappear: "Stay!" said Elodie—"one moment!" "Alas!" resumed the Recluse, "wherefore detain me! Though your presence purify the air I breathe, yet your virtues cannot absolve me! Far from you, as if erased from the book of life, I am doomed to wander in darkness. Elodie, you weep! Ah! my misery rouses your pity—my incomprehensible destiny excites your interest! Let me be justified in your heart, and Heaven will pardon me! Say that you love me, and I shall be saved!" "You *are* saved!" exclaimed Elodie in an emphatic tone. "Swear," resumed the Recluse, "that you will be only mine!" "On this tomb!" said Elodie, recoiling with horror. "Why not?" replied the Recluse: "death is as sacred as life!" Yielding to the irresistible impulse of the moment, as if before the altar of Hymen, she placed her hand on the funeral urn, and said, "I swear to be none but your's!" "And I," exclaimed the Recluse, "will have no bride but Elodie! Elodie, or death!"

At this moment the great bell of the abbey tolled. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the terrified Elodie, "what awful voice pronounces the nuptial benediction!" But, immediately recollecting herself, she said, "it is the hour of morning prayers. Adieu!" and casting on the Recluse a look of mingled love, sorrow, and regret, she hastened from the vault, and closed the subterranean door.

On her return, she found the Countess in the grand hall of the abbey. Magnificent nuptial presents, which had just arrived from Nanci, were pompously displayed before the daughter of Saint Maur. But nothing astonished, nothing charmed her, and like a calm spectator of another's nuptials, she gazed on every thing with indifference.

On the evening preceding the day

appointed for the fatal nuptials, Elodie, having retired to her apartment, was suddenly alarmed by a noise in the court-yard of the abbey. She flew to her window. What a spectacle presented itself. The monastery was surrounded on all sides by a numerous force. The guards of Plazo, suddenly surprised, were disarmed and made prisoners. The standard of the Duke of Lorraine was hoisted on the tower. The troops of René had possessed themselves of all the posts and outlets of the abbey, and, like a citadel taken by surprise, the monastery was in the power of a new master.

The Countess Imberg, overwhelmed with dismay, presented herself to Elodie. Despair and terror were imprinted on her countenance; the protectress now implores the aid of the protegée. In the name of the Duke of Lorraine, Palzo was arrested on the charge of high treason. Loaded with fetters, he was confined in one of the dungeons of the abbey, by order of the commander of the force of René; and that commander was no other than the Count de Norindall. The Countess Imberg, the friend and confidant of Palzo, would, doubtless, be implicated in the plot. The Countess was aware of Egbert's passion for Elodie: that passion might be the means of saving her, and she, therefore, sought the protection of her adopted daughter.

Moved by the despair of the Countess, Elodie, forgetting her cruel persecutions, endeavoured to console her by every possible means. She hastened to intercede with the Count de Norindall in her behalf. In spite of his efforts to disguise his sentiments, Egbert was powerfully agitated at the sight of Elodie. He explained to her the cause of his unexpected visit, and detailed the odious plot, of which the Duke of Lorraine had received the most indubitable proofs. "Noble Knight," said Elodie, "who could have unveiled to your sovereign the treachery of Plazo!" "Who but the Recluse!" replied Egbert. "The Recluse!" repeated Elodie; "but how could he himself have discovered the plot? how could he have revealed it to the Duke of Lorraine?" "Fair Elodie," answered Egbert, "it is certain that he has discovered all, though by what means I know not. He was born to astonish the universe. Even at this moment he could, with a single word, change the fate of Europe." "He!" exclaimed Elodie, "Oh, Heavens! explain yourself!" Without replying to these words, Egbert, turning to look on the nuptial presents of the Prince of Palzo said, "This morning Palzo was to have led Elodie to the altar. Alas!" continued he, "the breath of misfortune has for me extinguished the torch of Hymen, and blighted the flowers of love!"—"And the sister of the Duke of Lorraine!" said Elodie eagerly—"She is the happy bride of a German Prince," interrupted the count; "kneeling at the feet of his sovereign, Egbert confessed his passion for another, and René pardoned him."

On the following day, Egbert was to quit Switzerland; how could Elodie remain at the monastery, when her presence at Nanci might be the means of saving the Countess! How could she, in a moment of adversity, abandon her, who, amidst prosperity, had undertaken a long and fatiguing journey for her sake. But, on the other hand, how could she leave the Recluse! How fly from the mysterious being who was in some measure attached to her destiny! At length, however, duty triumphed over love, and Elodie resolved not to forsake the protectress whom Herstall had chosen for her.

The inhabitants of the village were no longer banished from the monastery. Father Anselmo hastened to visit his young friend, delighted to find that she had escaped from danger. The maid of Underlach acquainted the old man with her determination to accompany the Countess Imberg to Nanci, in order to defend her on her trial. Though the pastor of Underlach condemned in his own mind the guilty friend of Palzo, yet he could not but applaud the generous sentiments of the orphan. Besides, the journey would

separate her from the Recluse, at least for a time. Some powerful knight of the court of Lorraine might banish the stranger of the mountain from her memory. Anselmo, therefore, approved of her departure, and bade her a tender farewell.

To be continued.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

The custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a belly-full was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs, with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen? but, the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now composing by my friend Elia Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæsian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form then of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repasts of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of ever wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food—the animal sustenance—is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of cold mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating, when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sate (a *rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savoury soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of re-

turning thanks—for what?—for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others—a sort of shame—a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbour, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim—Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver?—No—I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicates for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns, with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the happy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celæno any thing but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude: but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcase. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that, in all probability, the sacred name which he pronounces—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with, and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

* * * *

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are the blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude, but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers who go about their business, of every description, with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor winebibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chaopt hay, with indifference, calmness, and clean circumstances. They neither gree nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am a Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C—— holds that

a man cannot have a pure mind who relishes apple dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous eates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner-hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenour. The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions other-where, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great dish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; to the slender, but not sordidly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man; but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never settled question arise, as to *who shall say it*? while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office, between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders? I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuations, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say any thing*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance, he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his church; in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manner's sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,—the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to be unreverend; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic

conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow) C. V. L., when importuned for a grace, used to enquire, first slyly leering down the table, "Is there no clergyman here?"—significantly adding, "thank G—." Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, when we were used to preface our bald bread and cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religionhas to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus.* I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense, till some one recalled a legend, which told how in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather then the plates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us —*horresco referens*—trowsers instead of mutton. ELIA.

VARIETIES.

Reflexions on the loss of a Nose.—A man who has lost his nose, has peculiar advantages as well as disadvantages:—He cannot follow his nose, but then he cannot be said to be poking his nose into every thing. He can't blow his nose, but then he saves pocket handkerchiefs. He can't be stuffed up in his nose, but then he cannot take snuff, which is, however, another saving. If he goes to sleep, you cannot tickle his nose; and when he is awake, he cannot run his nose against a post.—Let him drink what he will, he will never have a red nose, and never be exposed to the nickname "Nosey;" and let him be as impertinent as he will, he may defy you to pull his nose:—"Sir," said a man to another with 'a false nose, "I'll pull your nose;"—"Sir," said he,—"I shall put my nose in my pocket."

How to roast and eat a Goose alive.—Wecker, in his *Secrets of Nature*, printed in London, in 1660, gives the following exquisite receipt:—

"Take a goose, or duck, or some such lively creature, (but a goose is best of all for this purpose), pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared: then make a fire round about her, not too close to her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape free; within the circle of the fire let there be set small cups and pots full of water, wherein salt and honey are mingled; and let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded, and basted over with butter, to make her more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better: put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when you see her begin to roast; for by walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire that stops her way out, the unwearied goose is kept in, she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst, and cool her heart, and all her body, and the apple-sauce will make her dung and cleanse and empty her. And when she roasteth, and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she is dead: it is mighty pleasant to behold!!"

A Substitute.—In Ireland, at Lord Talbot's, Meyer, the German tailor, or some other German in the Royal suite, could not make himself understood; upon which the King asked one of his Irish attendants, whether there was any person in the house who spoke German? The servant replied that he would inquire, and returned, saying—no; but that he had a cousin who played the *German flute*, if that would do.

POETRY.

SIR ALGAMORE.—A FRAGMENT.

Sir Algamore mounts his coal-black steed,
And over the moor is gone;
He urges his courser to be allong speed,
He seems to be press'd by some desperate need,
So wildly the knight rides on.

Mirk, mirk, and dreary was the night
When Sir Algamore cross'd the heath;
And the cold wind flapp'd the plumes of the knight,
And arch'd his cloak like a sail in his flight,
And chill'd on the lip his breath.

But let the cold wind go blow, go blow,
And the darkness increase as it may,
The knight shall not be daunted so,
And reckless the courser shall onward go,
Nor deviate from his way.

Had mortal ken that horseman view'd
I ween it had shewed dismay,—
For now, as the knight his way pursu'd,
The earth, it yawn'd a fearful gap,
And there follow'd a terrible thunder-clap,
The rider and steed bright flashes enwrap,
And in flames they vanish away!

LINES WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

The warrior is proud when the battle is won:
The eagle is proud when he soars tow'rd the sun,
The beauty is proud of the conquest she gains;
And the humblest of poets is proud of his strains —
Then forgive me, if something like pride should be mine,
Thus to claim the first leaf in an album of thine.

The miser is glad when he adds to his hoard;
The epicure, placed at the sumptuous board;
The courtier, when smiled on;—but happier the lot,
Of the friend, who, though absent, remains unforgot:—
Then believe me that something like gladness is mine,
Thus to claim the first leaf in an album of thine.

But my pride and my pleasures are chasten'd by fears,
As I look down the vista of far distant years;
And reflect that the progress of time must ere long
Bring oblivion to friendship, and silence to song:—
Thus thinking, what mingled emotions are mine,
As I fill the first leaf in this album of thine!

Yet idle and thankless it were to allow
Such reflexions to sadden the heart, or the brow:—
We know that earth's pleasures are mix'd with alloy,
But, if virtue appprove them, 'tis wise to enjoy;
And *this* brief enjoyment, at least, shall be mine,
To inscribe my name first in this album of thine.

CHARADE, REBUS, ENIGMA, &c.

CHARADE.

By J. Tuff, of Charmouth.

Look on my first, and then reflect, Oh, man!
How swift time flies and that thy life's a span,
My well-form'd next, by art and skill is made,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade:
Who acts uprightly need not be afraid,
That to my whole he e'er will be conv'y'd.

REBUS.

By J. Taff, of Charmouth.

A LION'S retreat, and an off-spring of Adam,
Will name you a Gent. that spoke well of his Madam.

ENIGMA.

By J. Westcott, of Clist St. George.

YE youthful bards, skilled in enigma's lore,
Who hidden mysteries easily explore,
Attend, and listen to my artless lay,—
You'll soon the meaning of my muse display:—
In yonder castle, long the sport of time,
Once noble, stately, gorgeous, and sublime,
Of pomp and grandeur once the favourite spot,
But now deserted, ruinous, forgot;
Where plans devis'd, where British wisdom sat,
But now a refuge for the owl and bat;
Where serpents hiss, and forest tyrants howl,
Whilst round its covert for their prey they prowl;
Secluded from the glorious blaze of day,
There, there you may my wondrous form survey:—
Though frail my form, so curious is each part,
Its bids defiance to the greatest art:
To entrap the unwary is my chief employ,
T'envelope, snare, entangle, and decoy.
In autumn, oft, amid the fanning breeze,
You'll see me stationed on the shrubs and trees;
There am I view'd with more than anxious care,
As I'm suspended in the floating air;
But there, alas! sometimes the pelting storms,
My flimsy substance cruelly deforms;
With dire destruction soon I'm overcast,
And fall a victim to the sweeping blast,
My feeble form is into fragments rent,
And, chaos like, to non-existence sent.
Sometimes imputed in some loathsome cell,
In nauseous solitude I'm doom'd to dwell,
Where putrid vapours rise from off the ground,
And gloomy horrors shed a dread profound,
Where Sol ne'er shoots its all enliv'ning ray,
But all is darkness, gloom, and dire dismay.
Sometimes I'm found, but oh! alas! 'tis rare,
In th' sacred closet of some virtuous fair,
But soon as seen to atoms am I crush'd,
And hurl'd with vengeance into whelming dust,
So fallen, hurl'd, direful my disgrace,
That not a vestige of me can you trace.

ANSWERS.

By R., of Lyme, to the Enigma of a new Correspondent, inserted Sep. 17.

THE champion Milo, history shows,
Could seize a wild bull by the nose,
And in a trice his iron fist
Would fairly stun the sturdy beast;
Nay, more—with art the same he'd flay,
And eat the bullock in a day.

Ye *Gourmands!* who with venison haunch
O'erload so oft the suffering paunch,
Adown with waves of punch wh wash
The calipee and calipash,
As sewers, fraught with dirt obscene
Need must a stream to rince them clean
Of palate nice, and scent so true,—
Compar'd to Milo, what are you?
Still ply the bottle, Knife and Fork!
I will help old Time to do his work,
Unbend the nerves, the quivering train
Forbid to vibrate to the brain;
The tale, the staring cheek-bones tell;
The crimson-circled eye-balls swell;
Death grins, the pulses feebly play,
And gapes the "narrow house of clay."

[The Enigma has been answered by J. Taff, of Charmouth.]

By J. Taff of Charmouth, to J. Clark's Charade, inserted September 17th.

LOUD SEY found, without much toil,
The place you meant, Sir, was BRITISH.

By J. Westcott, to J. Taff's Charade, September 17.

THE *Wind's* oft felt but never seen;
The lad and *Lass* trip o'er the green:
The WINDGLASS, us'd with skill and care,
Will bring a distant object near.